UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Rabinovich

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

What Kind of Culture Is American Civilization Producing?

By SAMUEL H. MARKOWITZ

Tolstoy—A Play in Seven Scenes Scene IV

By HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, JULY 16, 1928 NUMBER 19

FOR STRENGTH IN CONFLICT

A Hymn

When in the righteous conflicts of our day
Our courage weakens, and we turn aside
Hoping to find escape from pain and strife,
Send down, O Truth, thine angel for our guide.

With unsheathed sword may he debar the path
That wanders broad and smooth, yet leads astray
To jungles of deceit, and swamps of sin;
And send us back to walk in thy straight way.

With living coal from thy high-altar fire
May he refine our dross and cleanse our heart,
That we may bear staunch witness to our faith,
Nor turn aside and act the coward's part.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The Democratic convention, following hard upon the Republican affair, was almost more than we could stand. Are these quadrennial assemblies necessary to the welfare of the country? Must we have a revival meeting and a circus and an orgy all rolled into one, in order to get a presidential candidate duly before the people? To us these conventions seem to be democracy at its very worst. Still, there are redeeming features even in such low and vulgar occasions as these at Kansas City and Houston. As the Republicans staged a real debate on the issue of farm relief, a debate in which Senator Borah so brightly shone, so the Democrats staged an attack upon Republican corruption during the last eight years which was heartening to the soul. Claude Bowers's "keynote" speech, for all its bombast and lurid rhetoric, had genuine scholarship behind it, and was suffused with a moral indignation against the Republican policy of "privilege and pillage," as he called it, which the nation has waited all too long to hear. To soft-pedal the Harding scandals has been the temper of this prosperity-drugged country. Still, this temper prevails, at least in the moneyed East, where the Boston *Herald* was outraged by Mr Bowers's speech, the New York *Times* loftily amused, and even the *World* unhappily disturbed. The temporary chairman's forthright denunciation of the vilest corruption in America's history set a pace which reached its climax of righteous passion in the Democratic platform which, for all its flubdubbery, told the truth about the Republican machine and all its vicious works. And then—*O tempora! O mores!*—this convention proceeded to nominate for president a Sachem of Tammany Hall, which is responsible for more and worse corruption than any other one political organization in this country. Imagine asking the people to get rid of the Republican gang of corruptionists by putting the Tammany gang in its place! The people may be "mostly fools," as Carlyle insisted, but we don't believe for a moment they'll fall for this.

If the nomination of "Al" Smith, of Tammany Hall, on an anti-corruptionist platform was an insult to the intelligence of the voters, his nomination on a "dry" enforcement plank in the Democratic platform was an invitation to jest and ribaldry. It is enormously significant and encouraging that the Democrats no more dared to go "wet" than the Republicans. These wily politicians know perfectly well that the country is dry, and proposes to stay dry. But look at this prohibition plank in the Democratic platform!

This convention pledges the party and its nominees to an honest effort to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and all other provisions of the Federal Constitution and all laws enacted pursuant thereto.

Does anybody suppose that the nominees of the Democratic Party are going to make any "effort," "honest" or otherwise, to "enforce" the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution? Yet these are just as much a part of the Constitution as the Eighteenth! What this plank means is that the party will "enforce" the Eighteenth Amendment precisely as it has enforced the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and "all other provisions of the Federal Constitution" which is *not at all.* Or, look at this plank in the light of the nominee who stands upon it! What has "Al" Smith ever done to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment? He has had opportunity to enforce this Amendment and "laws enacted pursuant thereto," which means the Volstead Act, and he has had the duty to enforce them, for he has been governor of the greatest state in the American Union, and the states have coordinate jurisdiction with the nation in the enforcement of Prohibition. But "Al" Smith has never so much as lifted his little finger to make New York State "dry." On the contrary, he has lifted hand and arm to smite the Amendment and make it of no effect, as in his leadership of the successful move to repeal the State

enforcement law. "Al" Smith is wringing "wet." His campaign on this platform is one huge joke.

In the rest of the Democratic platform we have little interest It swashes around from item to item like bilge water in the hold of a ship at sea. We have never read a platform more loosely written, or more obviously cast, like a fisherman's bait, to catch the gaping fish. The rambling, repetitious, self-contradictory paragraphs on foreign policy are a perfect example of what we mean. Yet right in this section of the platform appear the only features worthy of praise, with the sole exception of the Republican corruption plank already referred to above. What we have in mind here is, first, the absence of any mention of the League of Nations. After having been twice sunk by that millstone around their necks, the Democrats have cast it off. They know at last, what the voters knew four and even eight years ago, that America is not going to join the League of Nations as at present constituted. That's a dead issue. Secondly, we have in mind the simple, straight-forward pledge of the party to the Outlawry of War. Whether the Democrats know or care anything about this great program for peace, is exceedingly doubtful. But they at least knew and cared enough about what is going on in international affairs today, to declare—

> ". . . for a constructive foreign policy based on . . . (a) *Outlawry of war* and an abhorrence of militarism, conquest and imperialism. . ."

This makes it unanimous! Every party and statesman in this country, as well as abroad, is in favor of Outlawry. Such committal of both the two great parties to his program should make Secretary Kellogg's path easy to his feet in the months of negotiation that lie ahead.

The ghosts of Sacco and Vanzetti walk! They walked unexpectedly at the Republican Convention at Kansas City, and vetoed the nomination of Governor Fuller for the vice-presidency. They are walking, as though deliberately conjured from the grave, in the first volume of the printed record of the trial which has just now come from the press. Every word of this trial is to be made public, for all who will read now, and for posterity to keep and read forever. Every word means literally *every word* — the testimony, the documents, the speeches of attorneys and defendants, the decisions of the judge, the appeals, the court decisions, the reports of the Governor and the Lowell Committee—everything! Even a transcript of the Bridgewater case, so inextricably interwoven with the Braintree case, is to be added for good measure. Nothing like this has ever been done before. The work will be published in six volumes, of which the first, a book of 1,000 pages, is now available The publisher is Henry Holt and Company, 1 Park Avenue, New York City, and the price $25 a set, a price which covers only part of the cost of production, the remainder being borne by a group of distinguished citizens. It is not to be expected that these volumes will have a wide sale. This work will never become a "best seller." But it will find its way, by purchase or gift, into public, and college, and law-school libraries. It will be studied by able and impartial minds. Its lesson will slowly but surely filter down into the popular consciousness, and truth thus at last be established. Quicker than any other martyrs of human history will Sacco and Vanzetti be vindicated.

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers.

How the problem of free speech should be handled was beautifully illustrated in New York State just a few days before the Democratic convention in Houston. It was at this critical time that Senator Heflin chose to invade the domain of Governor Smith, under the auspices of the Ku Klux Klan, to condemn the Governor's candidacy for the presidential nomination on the Democratic ticket The purpose of the meeting, its location just on the outskirts of Albany, the K. K. K. atmosphere, and the reputation of Senator Heflin for intemperate speech, all conspired to stir alarm and protest. The meeting would undoubtedly lead to rioting; it should be forbidden in the name of decency and order; the Ku Klux Klan should be scattered, and the unwelcome Heflin driven out of the State! Such were the demands of newspapers, churches and citizens generally. On the eve of the threatened disturbance Governor Smith stepped in, and ordered—*what?* That the meeting should be stopped, the Klan forbidden to assemble, the Senator forced to silence? Not at all! On the contrary, the Governor ordered the commander of the State Constabulary, who chanced to be his own son-in-law, to proceed to the scene of the meeting with an adequate body of troopers, and to protect the audience and the speaker from all interruption and interference The commander did precisely as ordered; the meeting was held with the Klan present in full regalia; Senator Heflin outraged every sense of decency in his insulting attacks upon the chief magistrate of the State as a Roman Catholic, a "wet," and a sachem of Tammany, and all the while armed troopers surrounded platform and audience to see that no disturbance of any kind took place. Here is a perfect example of the duty of government in this matter of free speech. The state's business is not to suppress public meetings, but to protect them. Police and constabulary are to be used not to silence speakers but to guarantee them their right to speak. When will this lesson be learned?

We have been looking over a circular issued by the government in the interest of the "U. S. Marine

Corps Reserve." It is an interesting document as a revelation of the mind of the people who are politically in control of this country—or at least of those who run the army and the navy. Thus, it is tolerably evident that the boosters of the "Marine Reserve" are anticipating war, almost desiring it. "Happily, we are at peace," says the circular. (Yea, verily—with marines in Nicaragua and China by the thousands!) "War clouds may not threaten soon. But if they *should.*" . . . Ah, there you have it! If you are enrolled in the "Reserve," you are "available in the event of war." In such case you would have to go to the front anyway, for "has it ever occurred to you that in the event of war . . . the draft law might be applied again as it was in our last great conflict?" So, better be careful than sorry! And the "Marine Reserve" is such a wonderful organization. "If you have ever thrilled," says the circular, "as a blue-clad company of Marines marched past, if you have envied them and wished that you could be one of them, let us tell you how you can win the privilege of calling such men 'comrade.'" That "comrade" sounds dangerously socialistic, but we imagine it was not so intended "Enrollment in the 'Marine Corps Reserve' offers advantages even to the man who can do no more than pass the entrance requirements and enter his name on a roster." In the event of war, for example, "all troublesome doubts about your future will be removed." You bet they will! Off you go, to fight, bleed and die for your beloved country! Meanwhile, in the piping times of peace, "many pleasant associations are formed by the men . . . their social contacts resemble those of a club. They make many friends among the officers . . . of the regular establishment" A new type of military life—a "club," and fraternization between men of the reserves and officers of the regulars! Sounds like the millennium! Then, of course, there are "sports on track and field," and all the marvels of foreign travel—tracking game through tropical thickets of the Philippines, "fishing in Cuba," "polo in China," swimming "in the cooling waters of the Atlantic or Pacific" All this is very beautiful—too beautiful! If the United States government obeyed its own laws, it would exclude this circular from the mails as "fraudulent matter."

Rabinovich

I met Rabinovich in Moscow in 1922 It was the morning following our arrival in the capital city of the Bolsheviks. We had gone to the quarters of Mr. Martens, once famous as the unrecognized ambassador of the Soviets to the United States, and there, in the absence of hotels and private homes, had been distributed to various places for the night In the morning I came back to Mr. Martens's rooms, to meet my companions and make plans for the day—and there was Rabinovich!

There were many others there—these rooms seemed to be a kind of rallying ground for all sorts and varieties of persons! I remember an American engineer—alert, taciturn, full of a quiet confidence in what was going on in Russia; a young secretary from the Department of State, bubbling over with pride in his work and his government; a dreamy poet, up from the provinces somewhere, member of the poet's guild, a veritable reincarnation of the adolescent Shelley, who asked only to sit with you in some corner and recite his verses. But Rabinovich dominated the crowded scene. His bulk was huger, his voice louder, his personality more vivid and compelling than that of any of the others.

A big, burly giant of a man, black in hue like a southern European, as strong and healthy in appearance as though famine, pestilence and cold in revolutionary Russia were unknown, a Jew with the aggressive and prophetic passion of a Jew, he was an unforgettable figure. He stands out more clearly in my mind than any other man whom I saw in Moscow, with the exception of the priest, Krassnitsky, the Luther of the "Living Church." For Rabinovich was so different—ruddy while others were pale, husky as a stevedore while others were feeble, energetic and noisy while others seemed tired and very still! Talk—his rushing words were an oration of eloquence and power. Act?—his quick, black eyes, his sweeping arms and gripping hands, his booming voice, were like an army with banners. This man held me like a magnet, thrilled me like a trumpet. In a few moments I was standing in the center of the group gathered about him; in a half hour I had him apart by myself.

Rabinovich had been everywhere—I cannot remember the epic of his adventures. Here in Russia he had been everything—I cannot remember the list of offices he had held under the revolutionary government. He was a leader, that priceless type of man who can do things and get things done, and he had moved quickly from one critical post of duty to another. For a while he had been director of railroads—the restoration of the line from Moscow to Leningrad was his work. Just now he was in charge of coal—the autocrat commanding the whole vast field of coal production and distribution. Russia did not want another winter like the winters of 1919-20 and 1920-21, when men had frozen as well as starved. The coal was there and must be gotten out—and Rabinovich, with his untiring energy, was doing it. How important was his work I realized a few days later when a Russian workman

took me to an apartment-house recently made over for workers' families and showed me a pile of coal in the court-yard with as much exultation as though it had been a pile of diamonds. Indeed, I think diamonds would have been less precious at that time!

Rabinovich talked of his work — shouted, declaimed, boasted, cursed, and again and again furiously criticized the Soviet government. This seemed to me strange—until I learned that he was not a Communist. "Not a Communist," was my amazed exclamation! "Hell, no!" was his profane reply. He was an Anarchist—had been all his life. But Communism is not Anarchism! What was he doing giving his life to the Communist cause? "Why, this is better than capitalism, isn't it?" he cried. "Communism is damn-foolishness, but capitalism is hell. Anything to get rid of capitalism! And these fellows here are *doing things*. They're doing things wrong, but their 'wrong' is better than anybody else's 'right,' so far. They're fighting against the things I hate, destroying the things I loathe, and building a new social order which we can make over into Anarchism when the Communists have found that their game won't work. I'm with them as long as they're battling for life. When they're on their feet, and there's no more cold and hunger, and they've begun to get respectable, why then we Anarchists will fight them the way they fought the Tsar, and knock hell out of them."

He told me something of his work with an energy of language and gesture which, if transmuted into foot-pounds of steam would have lifted tons of coal from the pit bottoms to the surface of the ground. What a man! A magnificent specimen, it seemed to me, of the genius wasted by the rest of the world, and used by this strange government in Russia to save a nation and to build a new order of civilization.

And now I have been reading, these past few weeks, that Rabinovich is on trial in Moscow for treason! Fifty men, most of them Russians, some of them Germans, one of them Rabinovich, were charged with conspiracy against the state in seeking to destroy (sabotage) coal mines at the behest and in the pay of former owners in Berlin and Paris. Some of these men have confessed their guilt; others have denied it; all have been placed on trial for their lives. Weak, sick, frightened men, they have presented a pitiful spectacle to the pitiless public. Worried by Krylenko, the prosecutor, as rats are worried by a terrier, these conspirators have faltered, and broken down, and wept, and screamed, or been dumb as though palsied by sheer fright. One of them has killed himself, and another gone crazy. But not Rabinovich. He has fought not like a rat but like a lion. He has driven the fierce Krylenko into silence by the sheer passion of his utterance. He has awed the judges by the power of his presence and the courage of his bearing. After months in prison, his energy is unabated and his mind as clear as a bell. Only when the prosecutor, in his summing-up, faced him in that last hour of crisis and demanded death by shooting, did he falter. His eyes, said the New York *Times* reporter, "fluttered like frightened birds." But it was only for an instant. Hardly had the prosecutor resumed his speech, when Rabinovich was as calm and steadfast as ever.

Is he guilty? Did this Anarchist think that the time had come to fight *against* these Communists instead of *for* them? Did he join with these weak and cowardly men in a foul conspiracy to wreck machinery which he himself had builded? I cannot believe it! Rabinovich is not of the conspirator type. If he fought the Bolsheviks, he would fight them openly, as he criticized them openly. As I have read of the trial of this man, I have been able to see him in the dock as though I were there in the trial chamber. I have been able to hear him as he stormed against his fellow-prisoners, shouted down his prosecutor, and faced the solemn judges man to man. If he rages, it is not that he is "caught," but that he is charged with secret, under-handed, dirty business. If he rebels, it is not that he is in peril of his life, but that he is made to share this peril with such a brood of villains. When he faltered that flitting moment, it was not that he trembled at meeting death, but revolted at meeting this last august companion in such foul company. Rabinovich will face the rifles unafraid. But his heart will be black within him that the lies of scoundrels should have betrayed his honor, and led him to this coward's grave.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Vagabonds

You and I are not "successes," love—
Our blood's too free, and beats with fire
That burns the prisons which they rear,
Wherein "success" is moulded, dear.

You and I are not the "classes," love—
Our souls, rebellious, break to bits
Their thousand chains, defy the fear
That walls the "classes'" prison, dear.

You and I are vagabonds, my love—
Just ramblers, rovers, freed by Truth,
That beckons us with celestial nod
To tramp the universe with God.

JOHANNA FRADA.

What Kind of Culture Is American Civilization Producing?

When we speak of culture, in this paper, we are not talking about poetry or painting, but about the manners, habits, ways and customs in which people live and get along with one another. "The Culture of a Group," say Park and Burgess, "is the sum total and organization of the social heritages which have acquired a social meaning because of racial temperament and of the historical life of the group."

Literature is an expression of culture; art is a cultural manifestation. They give us an insight into the ideas and traditions which motivate and regulate people's lives. They indicate the cultural patterns which control the behavior of a group; they are elements in the culture of a people along with marriage and funeral customs, laws, traditions, and institutions of every kind. Every group of beings, whether it is a flock of sheep on the hillside or a swarm of ants in the valley, whether it is a nation of teeming millions with its huge cities and large states or whether it is a gang of half a dozen or dozen twelve-year-old boys meeting in a tumble-down shack in the alley—every group has its distinctive ways of doing things. And the study of those ways we call a study of the culture of that group.

What is civilization? It is a term easily used but very hard to define. Up to about 1910 we could have answered the question very easily. The first decade of the 20th century was a period of unparalleled complacency. Mankind was on the high road to utopian perfection. War, pestilence, poverty—these would soon be abolished. Economists, sociologists, and scientists generally would soon perfect a plan in accordance with which the last relics of barbarism would be expunged and this earth would be converted into a paradise. We were smug and self-satisfied. We spoke with pitying condescension of our semi-barbarous ancestors who had none of the comforts and conveniences of civilization. We enjoyed our bath tubs and heated boudoirs, our telephones and tooth brushes, our luxuries and liberties with the comfortable feeling that we were highly civilized.

What a rude jolt our pride has received in the last few years! We find that with all our inventions, a few of which have been acquired since that complacent day, we are still savage and primitive. The tyranny of a Titus and the cruelty of a Cortez are still in our midst. We have not yet emancipated ourselves from the jungle.

Civilization meant science and its productions; its ability to supply us by means of machinery with all the necessities and many luxuries. Civilization means to many people, even to this day, steam shovels and sky scrapers, radio and aeroplane, and all the appliances by which we control the elements for our own purpose. I confess I do not like this definition but I shall use it, anyhow. I must have some term by which to designate the material forces in contradistinction to the cultural. Strictly speaking, they are one; the culture of a people consists of the manners and ways of that people. It includes the method of earning a livelihood as well as the enjoyment of leisure. Under culture is subsumed all that we might designate as religion, art, literature, business, and social convention. But I am using the material forces in a separate category. I am placing them over against that composite of national habits which we call distinctly American. These material forces are not the peculiar property of America. They belong to the 20th century, but it is here where they seem to have found their fullest and freest expression. This thing which we popularly call civilization (by which is meant the results of the scientific discoveries of our age) is producing vast and unprecedented changes in all countries. We are concerned here only with the transformations in our own midst. My question is, what kind of culture is the 20th century producing here in America? What kind of life habits and ways are we developing as the direct concomitant of the expansion of the material forces of this age?

It is not always wise to try to describe an age or a culture by one word. Yet the culture which is being developed shows so plainly the marks of the machine that I have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that ours is a mechanized culture. It was Feuerbach who stated his philosophy so crisply, *"Der Mensch ist was er isst."* Man is what he eats. In recent times students of human nature have evolved the idea that man is what his surroundings make him. Human ecology is a favorite term with one school of sociologists. It deals with the mutual relations existing between the human organism and its environment. More fundamental than that which man eats is the whole complex of social, geographical, and cultural elements into which he is born. They decide what he shall eat and how he shall act. A child born into a society of apartments houses, automobiles, and telephones will have a different diet, wear different clothes and be of a different disposition than the child born into a crude, primitive society untouched by the technical improvements of our age. The kind of culture which civilization is producing in these United States is not the simple, unhurried, reflective kind. There is a world of difference between the American and the original Oriental culture. Ours is the product of the world in which we live and the most accurate description I can give it is, that it is machine made.

This machine-made culture can be designated further:

I.

As a culture of numbers. Mass production is the natural result of the fortuitous combination of Puritan perseverance and 20th century science. We are not satisfied with quality; we want quantity, even though it means inferiority. After the Civil War and especially during the last two decades of the 19th century, there arose the feverish desire to build, produce, create. Great trusts arose whose chief objective seemed to be to gain control. Inspired by the worship of numbers, men sought to create and control vast institutions. Competition was ruthlessly stifled and the era of Big Business came in.

We judge everything by its size. The larger the city, the more numerous the industries, the bigger the volume of sales, and the larger the figures in the census report of the population, the happier we are and the

more convinced that we are making progress. Walter Lippman says it very nicely in "Public Opinion,"

> An American will endure almost any insult except the charge that he is not progressive. Be he of long native ancestry or a recent immigrant, the aspect that has always struck his eye is the immense physical growth of American civilization. That constitutes a fundamental stereotype through which he views the world; the country village will become the great metropolis, the modest building a skyscraper; what is small shall be big, what is slow shall be fast, what is poor shall be rich; what is few shall be many, whatever it is, it shall be more so.

It does not seem to occur to the machine mind of America that there is sometimes a virtue in smallness; that a city may work out its destiny and accomplish its purpose by remaining small, by cultivating certain aesthetic virtues instead of striving with singleness of purpose for the tangible values. I suspect that if you would ask the typical booster why he wants a bigger this or a bigger that, he would have some difficulty in finding an accurate answer. He would probably do considerable rationalizing in trying to explain. We are all susceptible. We act first and justify our actions afterward. It is according to the nature of the human organism. I am merely trying to show how that organism behaves here in America.

It is possible for one element to be only a partial factor in the culture of a people. The desire for bigness may be inherent in business but not in religion, law or sport. It is characteristic, however, of Puritan energy that it is "all or nothing." The spirit of Big Business has invaded every phase of American life. It is as dominant in education as it is in the manufacture of automobiles. Denominational colleges which once served a very useful purpose as small institutions in which relationships were of the primary character and contacts were somewhat informal, are seeking expansion and growth. Football stadia have become almost a mania with alumni associations because they attract crowds, inspire increased enrollment and bigger endowments.

In religion, the same feature is strikingly evident. Churches compete with one another for an increased constituency. Ministers are judged not by their moral vigor or ethical acumen but by the crowds which they can draw to their services. Bigness has invaded even this most sacred realm of life and a new minister is called not on the basis of his scholarly qualities, not because he possesses a courage born of faith and high resolve, but because he can increase the membership through organization or sensationalism. A paid publicity agent is one of the regular features of some of our big city churches.

II.

Ours is a culture of uniformity. Machinery produces a standardized product to which everything ultimately conforms. Newspapers, the radio, elementary education, and facilitated communication are gradually making human beings more and more alike. The tyranny of a power-driven culture is nowhere more manifest than in these United States of ours.

> The American mind is becoming a machine, one in which the undisciplined processes of reflection and ratiocination and imagination are falling into disuse and thought is becoming an apparatus for registering the ready made idea or translating it into action. (*Bretherton Midas.*)

The machine can turn out only one product. It can tolerate only one type of material. Anything which is different has a tendency to ruin the cogs and destroy the whole process. The machine cannot endure variation; it is intolerant of anything that is different. The mechanized mind of America is creating in this country a standardized citizenry, a people which will think the same thoughts, wear the same clothes, see the same movies, read the same news, hold the same beliefs and go to the same heaven or hell. Here you have the origin of 100%ism, the attempt to cleanse America of everything that does not conform to the rigid white, Gentile, Protestant standard. No variation, no individuality, no spontaneity, a machine made and mass produced ideal!

Machine-made Americanism is evident in every city in the land. There is a monotonous sameness which the European visitor notices at once because it is in such striking contrast to the city and village of the old world. Sinclair Lewis does not exaggerate when he says:

> Nine-tenths of the American towns are so alike that it is the completest boredom to wander from one to another. Always, west of Pittsburgh, and often east of it, there is the same lumber-yard, the same railroad station, the same Ford garage, the same creamery, the same box-like houses and two-story shops. The new—more conscious houses are alike in their attempts at diversity: the same bungalows, the same square houses of stucco or tapestry brick. The shops show the same standardized, nationally advertised wares; the newspapers of sections three thousand miles apart have the same "syndicated features"; the boy in Arkansas displays just such a flamboyant readymade suit as is found on just such a boy in Delaware, both of them iterate the same slang phrases from the same sporting-page, and if one of them is in college and the other is a barber, no one may surmise which is which.

This stereotyped culture of ours manifests itself also in a mania for inhibitions. Perhaps it is a hangover from the Pilgrim Fathers, but it would never have become prominent had it not been taken up and utilized by their "Fordized" descendants. This adventitious union of Puritanism and Big Business produced a reign of terror during the war, and made of our courts institutions of the most czaristic kind.

American courts have become the stronghold of imperialism. The overwhelming desire for uniformity is intolerant of criticism and will utilize every opportunity to stifle opposition. Two Italians in Massachusetts who dared to be different were brazenly put to death. The injunction has become one of the most flagrant instrumentalities of authoritative injustice. And the deadly weapon of contempt of court has been utilized so frequently of late by the machine-minded puppets of official bigotry that we are almost impervious to its genuine significance.

Madame Rosika Schwimmer, well known author, lecturer and famous for her connection with Ford's Peace ship, applied for naturalization papers. Judge Carpenter denied her petition because she is an atheist and a pacifist. Evidently the learned judge has decided to apply the test of religion as well as philosophy to all applicants for citizenship. He is simply a symbol of the undercurrent of intolerance and illiberalism generated by the machine. In every city there are clubs, both male and female, whose prime objective it is to forbid some harmless triviality which might make one individual a little different from the rest. And all these puritanically evangelistic efforts are but the tangible evidences of the existence in America of a cult whose God is uniformity and whose high priest is the machine.

III.

American culture can further be designated as a type of life in which success is the goal of all striving.

There is a romantic flavor in the term "making good" as used by us here in America which almost makes it synonymous with being good or doing good. A mystic element in Puritanism makes the Yankee worship success in the abstract as a sort of ideal vision. An ignoramus like Henry Ford can be talked of honestly and earnestly as a candidate for President. His qualifications were not statesmanship, prophetic vision, not even forensic ability—his whole justification for aspiring to the office of chief magistrate of this country was an unqualified and unparalleled success in the manufacture of motor cars. His efficiency gave him prominence, power, and wealth with which he could make himself ludicrous. Efficiency—that is our watchword. For its sake we are willing to quench spontaneity, destroy individualism and worship at the shrine of success.

The handmaiden of success is publicity. It is the keynote of our whole social and economic system and the indispensable prerequisite of every movement. Without it no business can hope to be successful and no church efficient. Here is a typical example of the philosophy of action, which our exaggerated belief in success has produced. It is the advice to business men which Mrs. Asquith noticed in a newspaper:

> First have what people want. Then let them know it. Thorough advertising is the secret of success. The old way was to let people find it out gradually and slowly, in time for your grandson to get rich. The modern way is to have it *today*, and make everybody know it *tomorrow*, or if possible this *afternoon*.

The press is perhaps our best indication of this American devotion to sensationalism, to anything which will attract attention and produce results. "We do not publish news," said a reporter to Mrs. Asquith, "We concoct it." On the front page of even the best newspapers, paragraph after paragraph is taken up by descriptions of devastating trivialities; only because it will tend to increase circulation. The Defeat of Napoleon in 1815 was announced to a triumphant nation in 300 words; to report the Hall Mills murder case, one newspaper, according to Silas Bent, required twice as many words as Will Durant needed to tell his "Story of Philosophy."

We lead a restless existence. A prize fight, an aeroplane journey or a swim across the channel provides us with a vicarious success and an escape from the monotony of the machine. Success is our God. We bring to it our most precious sacrifices and offer upon its altar our most worthwhile possessions.

IV.

The final element to which I would call your attention in American culture is self-righteousness. We are sure that we are right. This certainly is a fixed dogma in American belief. Our vanity is so evident that we accept it as normal. We have the self-satisfied conviction that ours is a superior civilization and we cannot understand why others do not gratefully adopt our ways of thinking and doing. Siegfried quotes from the American Journal of Sociology a summarization of the Americans' own idea of themselves:

> (Siegfried, P. 143.) We are the greatest people on earth. Our government is the best. In religious belief and practice we (the Protestants) are exactly right, and we are also the best fighters in the world. As a people we are the wisest, politically the most free, and socially the most developed. Other nations may fail and fall; we are safe. Our history is a narrative of the triumph of righteousness among the people. We see these forces working through every generation of our glorious past. Our future growth and success are as certain as the rules of mathematics. Providence is always on our side. The only war we Americans ever lost was when one-third of us was defeated by the other two-thirds. We have been divinely selected in order to save and purify the world through our example. If other nations will only accept our religious and political principles, and our general attitude toward life, they soon will be, no doubt as happy and prosperous as we.

All Americans, of course, do not subscribe to these sentiments. Siegfried thinks that they express the attitude of the mass of Americans in the Middle West. But it seems to me this point of view is much more universal. Listen to a gem from President Coolidge's speech on Decoration Day of a year ago:

> When this nation has been compelled to resort to war it has always been for a justifiable cause. The pages of its history are not stained with the blood of unprovoked conflict. No treachery has ever exposed our sister nations to unwarranted attack. No lust for conquest, no craving for power, no greed for territory, no desire for revenge has ever caused us to violate the covenants of international peace and tranquility. . . .

You would think that Mr. Coolidge had never heard of our imperialism in Mexico, Niacaragua, Haiti, San Domingo and some of the other South American countries. He almost makes you believe that he doesn't know anything about the high-handed, autocratic, and unjust methods by which the government has been dealing with the few Indians who still remain in this country.

The Greeks called all other races but themselves barbarians. The Hebrews applied the term Gentiles to other nations and looked upon themselves as the chosen people. But no modern nation has assumed the prerogatives of self-righteousness which seem to inhere in American culture.

The result is that we have a Constitution which is very much revered in theory and disregarded in practice. We make huge pretensions and violate them with impunity. Ours is a civilization in which our ethical codes are far ahead of our conduct. We have righteousness in our political creeds and rottenness in our national and individual conduct. The vast hiatus between deed and creed we fill up with beautiful words and fine phrasings. We pat ourselves complacently on the back and make ourselves believe that we are as good as we say we are. Self-righteousness is a striking feature of American culture.

In bringing to a close this survey of the type of life which American civilization is producing, I shall not attempt to predict. I have tried to show what kind of culture we have here. The verb "is producing" is in the present tense. Our national manners, habits, and customs in the present have been the objects of my observations. Whether the better judgment of America will assert itself and become master of the machine, or whether this 20th century Frankenstein will overwhelm us is a question which I do not pretend to consider. There are saving elements in American life which if utilized and exploited would deliver us from the iron monster. Whether we will take advantage of our opportunities is a question. As an advocate of morality and as champion of the spiritual forces in their conflict with the material, I can only repeat for my fellow Americans the age old warning,

"Not by might, and not by power, shall ye prevail, but by my spirit saith the Lord."

(Rabbi) SAMUEL H. MARKOWITZ.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Tolstoy

A Play in Seven Scenes

By Henry Bailey Stevens

SCENE IV

Tolstoy's study at Yasnaya Polyana in the year 1891 (nine years later). The room is bare as in the painting by Ryepin with one door at right rear, a rack with clothing suspended at center rear, and at left a window set in an arched wall of white plaster. A saw hangs at left rear, and a shovel stands at left front. By the left wall is a writing table with books, a candle and manuscript. In front of the table is a low box-like seat with blanket over it, and nearer the front an arm chair. A couch is at the right. Around the corner at the left front is a small table and chair.

Masha, now a young woman twenty years old, is arranging flowers in a vase on the main table. She is a thin, fair girl, rather tall, with strongly marked cheek-bones and bright blue eyes. She hums to herself and occasionally smells of the flowers. The light through the window is of bright morning.

Tolstoy enters with a scythe over his shoulder. His hair and whiskers are now gray; he is sixty-three years of age; but his walk and manner seem as brisk as ever. He wears a homespun crash blouse girded at the waist with a belt over homespun jean trousers, and common bast shoes.

MASHA: Are you through mowing, Father?

TOLSTOY: Through for the morning. *(He hangs up the scythe in the left rear corner.)* The grass is as dry and as tough as wire, and only when the dew is on it does it lie at all lightly on the scythe. We shall go at it towards evening.

MASHA: For whom were you working?

TOLSTOY: We mowed for Zharova today. The poor woman has got the five children on her hands, and no hay in the barn for the stock.

MASHA: Who helped you?

TOLSTOY: Fienermann and Ilya; and Vasili and Osip Makarof were in our gang this morning, though they will have to work for themselves tomorrow.

MASHA: Why is that?

TOLSTOY: This hot weather is ripening up the rye, and they have got to hurry. If they do not get the hay in soon, they are going to get left.

MASHA: That is always the way it is in haying.

TOLSTOY: Yes, it is a good fourteen-hour stretch. I ought not to have stopped now.

MASHA *(holding up the flowers)*: Father, see what I brought you.

TOLSTOY *(smelling of them)*: My dear, that is very kind of you. *(He sits down by the table.)*

MASHA: You do like them, don't you?

TOLSTOY: Very much, indeed.

MASHA: Father, I am glad that you still like flowers.

TOLSTOY: What do you mean, child?

MASHA: Well, you did give up tobacco and liquor, you know.

TOLSTOY: We all know that they are poisons. Why should I injure my system with them?

MASHA: And now you have given up eating all meat.

TOLSTOY: Ah, that should be our first step. I gave up nothing beautiful—the flesh of dead bodies, roast carcasses. Do you think them beautiful—the stuck pig, the stunned calf, the hen with its head cut off that still tries to walk? It is the beautiful thing that I would save. I would keep alive the tender eyes of the cow, the lithe strength of the calf, that is as beautiful as a deer. These animals are our friends, Masha. They come when we call them. They rub up against us to be scratched. And do you compare eating their mutilated bodies to the fragrance of flowers? Pshaw, my child! I am ashamed of you.

MASHA: But Father, is there no limit to being a Christian?

TOLSTOY: Ah, that is the question. I am inclined to think not. I do not find any limit to love. The compassion that fills one for one's kindred, for all humankind and even, as I say, for these sentient animals that seem to sympathize and to understand,—this compassion bubbles up as though from a never-ending source, from a region that cannot be charted. At least I have not yet charted it. But then, I am only thirteen years old, Masha.

MASHA: What joke are you playing now, Father?

TOLSTOY: It is only thirteen years since I was reborn. You see I am not as old in this life, Masha, as you are in yours.

MASHA: Was it a hard experience, being reborn?

TOLSTOY: It was as painful as I should judge birth ever to be. Life lost all sense of meaning. At first it was as if I were lying on the edge of a great chasm, and the earth below was sliding away. It seemed inevitable that I should be swept away into the great abyss of Nothingness. For months I wanted secretly to take my own life. I had to hide ropes away from myself, and I did not dare to go out with a gun. You were only a little girl then, Masha. You probably do not remember.

MASHA: I remember playing the Numidian cavalry, and how you used to recite a funny little poem to us about a Doctor Hupfen-something.

TOLSTOY: Ah, yes. Doctor Hupfenzeller.

MASHA: How terribly lonely you must have been since, Father.

TOLSTOY: Lonely?

MASHA: Yes. None of the rest of us seem to have understood.

TOLSTOY: No, I am not lonely, my child. Only this morning in the meadow, as I mowed behind Vasili and Osip, I thought: How good it is to live simply and to work. There is too much to be done for a person to be lonely.

MASHA: Are you happy, Father?

TOLSTOY: Yes, my dear. . . But there are still some things that make me very sad. *(He gets up.)* However, we are going to change those. Do you know where your mother is, Masha?

MASHA: I think she is in the zala. Shall I call her?

TOLSTOY: No, I will go and look for her. Copy this article for me, will you, my dear? I want to get it off to *Posrednik*.

(He picks up a number of papers, arranged them, and gives them to her.)

MASHA: Starting here?

TOLSTOY: Yes, that is right. *(He goes out.)*

(Masha starts writing on the main table. Some of the words she makes out with difficulty, and she reads aloud as she copies:)

MASHA: "Weeds grew up in a good meadow. To get rid of them the owners of the meadow mowed them down, but they only grew again more numerous. And a good and wise husbandman," h-u-s-b-a-n-d-m-a-n, that is right. Your handwriting is pretty bad sometimes, Father— "And a good and wise husbandman visited the owners of the meadow, and among other instructions which he gave them, he said that the weeds ought not to be mowed down, for that made them only grow more numerous, but that they ought to be torn out by the roots."

(There is a knock on the door.) Come in! *(Prince Obolensky enters.)*

OBOLENSKY: I beg your pardon, Masha. Serge Petrovich told me I would find your father here.

MASHA: I think he went up to the zala. Did you bring Cousin Elizaveta Valerianovna?

OBOLENSKY: No, I drove over alone this morning. I told your father I would help him draw up some papers.

MASHA: Oh, that is why he came in from the hay-field then!

OBOLENSKY: There is quite a crew haying, I see. I noticed three different gangs as I came along.

MASHA: Yes, they are hurrying to get it in before the rye is ripe.

OBOLENSKY: Some of them do not seem very proficient at it.

MASHA: Yes? *(She continues her writing.)*

OBOLENSKY: One of the new converts showed me his hands. They were all covered with huge blisters.

MASHA: He did well to keep it up so long then.

OBOLENSKY: Tanya told me a good one the other day. Did you hear about it—the Englishman?

MASHA: No, I do not believe I did.

OBOLENSKY: Well, it seems that one of the new sect—an insect, perhaps—came along, an English disciple in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket. *(He acts out his story.)* He was strong for all this help-your-brother-sort of business. He had come to help the Russian peasant in his hard lot. It seems that your father and Feinermann and some of the others were starting out to the field with rakes, pitchforks and whatever other beastly instruments they use; and our friend Percy started along, too, his hands in his trousers' pockets. "Where are you going?" they asked him. "Out to the fee-eelds," he replies. "What are you going for?" "Why," he says, "to hel-lp." They began to question him: "Why, how are you going to help? You haven't got any tools." They offered him a rake or something. But he refused it. "Oh, I don't need any rake," he says. "I shall hel-lp them with advi-ice." *(They laugh.)* There's Tolstoy gone to seed for you!

MASHA: I don't see why you should lay that man's actions up against my father's beliefs any more than your own adventure into the field of labor.

OBOLENSKY: What do you mean by that?

MASHA: Didn't you once set out to follow his example in making shoes?

OBOLENSKY: Come now Masha! That's hardly fair of you. Anyway I learned my lesson. I haven't tried to work since.

MASHA: You're really proud of that, aren't you?

OBOLENSKY: I'm consistent anyway—just as consistent as old Simplification. You remember him, don't you? The old Swede who started out by going barefooted in order to get near to Nature. Said he believed in Simplification. Kept taking off more and more of his clothes in order to get nearer and nearer.

MASHA *(sighing)*: Yes. We had to put him out of the house at last.

OBOLENSKY: There's such a thing as getting too close to Nature, you see.

MASHA: And so you believe in keeping as far away as possible?

(Masha removes her papers and writing materials to small table around corner at left front and continues copying.)

OBOLENSKY *(taking the hint)*: Well, I won't bother you any longer. I'll try to follow Tolstoy around the house at least. I won't promise any more than that. *(He goes.)*

MASHA: I should think that would be about as far as you could follow any one idea at a time, Cousin. *(Reading as she copies:)* "It finally went so far that nothing was left in the meadows but weeds, and people complained and tried to find all kinds of ways to mend matters—"

(Tolstoy and Countess enter. She has several opened letters in her hand.)

COUNTESS *(bitterly)*: This is great news! The censor has refused permission to print the Kreutzer Sonata!

TOLSTOY: Indeed! What does he say?

COUNTESS: That it is opposed to the church teaching about marriage, and that it would undermine the whole structure of Society.

TOLSTOY: Well, well! If the book is of God, it will do its good—sometime!

COUNTESS: Sometime! The point is that it cannot be included in the collected works! It will cut off the proceeds by just that much.

TOLSTOY: Really, my dear, you should sympathize somewhat with the censor on this score. As I recall it, you did not approve of the ideas in this book yourself.

COUNTESS: Whatever my beliefs, I do not want them interfering. I will appeal to the Emperor myself.

TOLSTOY: They are beginning to attack me. That is all.

COUNTESS: It is just what I have told you would happen. You did not hesitate to slap Dolgoruky's face—so to speak—to rebuff all of the military and now you are planning to indict Pobyedonostsef himself.

TOLSTOY: I hope I shall never cease to expose oppression wherever it exists.

COUNTESS: I do not want you to cease it. I only want you to help straighten out the publication of the collected works. I want the Kreutzer Sonata included.

TOLSTOY: Sonya, I have told you that this whole matter of buying and selling my ideas—this business of copyrighting and attempting to protect what should be free to the whole world—grieves me very much. I speak, and everyone is free to hear. I write, and everyone should be free to read.

COUNTESS: Let us not go into that. In the present instance, I want the ideas set free by the censor so that I may publish them.

TOLSTOY: The ideas cannot be bottled up by the censor. If there is anything of value in them, it will leak out. Let us not be disturbed, that is all I say. I will join with you in the appeal if you wish.

COUNTESS: Yes, and you are ready to give the right to publish to any job printer that comes along.

TOLSTOY: Sonya, do not be irritated. Join with me in my ideas. We have been drifting apart.

COUNTESS: It is you who have drifted away. I have stayed the same as I have always been.

TOLSTOY: Sonya, I know in my soul that I am on the right track. Do you want me to leave the path that is marked for me?

COUNTESS: No. Only I do not see my way to go with you on it.

TOLSTOY: Come! I am still strong. I am not a parasite. I am no longer spoiled by leisure. I can follow the peasants all day in the mowing, and keep pace with them. I can build houses. I can make shoes and clothing. I can raise food. We can always earn the few, simple things that we shall need. Let us give our land to the peasants who have really earned it, and our books to the people who need whatever truth is in them. Let us give up this property that corrupts us.

COUNTESS *(breaking down)*: Oh, Lyovotchka, if it had not been for the children! If it had not been for the children, do you not know that I would have followed you even as a beggar?

TOLSTOY: My dear, it would be better for the children to be brought up unpampered.

COUNTESS: Do not ask it, Lyovotchka.

TOLSTOY: Sonya, I must ask it. It is as though I had been blind and suddenly my eyes were opened. For a long time I have been blinking, striving to see my way clearly; and now I am becoming accustomed to the light, and I see the way that I must go. I have waited a long time—hoping that my family too would recognize the truth. For over ten years now I have paid penance; I have suffered in the consciousness that I am a man of wealth while professing that all mankind are my brothers; I have had to watch my children being sucked into the whirlpool of luxury in spite of the example that I strove to give them. And it seems to me that I can no longer stay passive.

SONYA: Oh, Lyovotchka, do not ask it.

TOLSTOY: Yes, I must at last ask it. Even now the peasants are getting ready for the winter. Do you remember how last winter, while we sat in our well-heated rooms, a man was found frozen to death on the highroad? He was frozen to death because no one would give him a night's lodging. We stuff ourselves with cutlets and pastry of every sort, while in Samara the people are dying by thousands with swollen stomachs from famine. We ride comfortably to the bathing-place, while Prokofi's last gelding lies dead, and he has no beast to plow his strips with. We are still snoring in bed, while the tailor walks to Tula to get hooks and eyes for our fur jackets.

COUNTESS: After all, our wealth would be so little in the great need.

TOLSTOY: It is true. Do you think I have not thought of that? Our wealth would be but a drop in the pool. But our example—our example would be great. It has come to this pass: The people cannot believe in our sincerity. And why should they? Oh, it is easy for us to talk! When we have 50,000 desyatins of land, a comfortable house, plenty of fuel and food, large orchards of fruit trees, a croquet ground, a tennis court! It is easy for us to say that we are Christians, that we follow the Golden Rule! It is easy for us to say: "We must all love one another." What does it mean? Will we back it with our lives?

COUNTESS: They know that you set the example. In their hearts they know it.

TOLSTOY: If I set any example, it is the example of hypocrisy, so long as I have the things that would keep them alive. No. It is quite proper to apply the acid test to the beliefs that are so easily mouthed. We must no longer shrink from applying it.

COUNTESS: Ah! I have seen this hour coming!

TOLSTOY: Yes, we have both seen it and dreaded it; but it has had to come.

COUNTESS: I have watched you going farther and farther in these terrible beliefs that have no limit. I have seen you drifting—yes, rowing with all your might—as far as possible from our old anchors. You have not had to pay attention to the children that you fathered. You have not had the thousand and one cares of managing a household. You have had time to follow all of these wild vagaries, to surround yourself with a company of cranks!

TOLSTOY: Sonya!

COUNTESS: God forgive me for speaking this way to you! But let us get it over. Say what you have in your mind.

TOLSTOY: Simply this: That I can no longer remain rich while the world is poor. I am going to give up all my property.

COUNTESS: It is not all rightfully yours to give up.

TOLSTOY: I had hoped that you would feel like joining me in this step.

COUNTESS: And what if I do not?

TOLSTOY: I understand your rights. I have not forgotten that you brought 50,000 roubles as a marriage dowry. I remember—and fondly—how you labored with me over my writings, copying and recopying into the long hours of the night. I feel that you have a claim on all of our wealth and on my writings to my rebirth—in your own eyes at least. Therefore, I propose, if you do not wish to relinquish this claim, to turn over all of our property to you and to those of the children who desire it.

COUNTESS: And what would you do? Go away?

TOLSTOY: I had not planned to desert you, if that is what you ask.

COUNTESS *(bitterly)*: And the burden which you cannot bear yourself you would transfer to your wife!

TOLSTOY: You do not need to take it. You can join me in giving it to the peasants. That is what I want you to do. That is what I implore you to do. It is an example which our country needs. If only people would do this, they would avoid a day of terror for all our children later on. The world will have to face this question some day even as we ourselves are facing it. Face it with me now, Sonya. Let us give up this property which is only a curse to us. You think it is more difficult than it really is. The things which you dread—poverty, hunger, labor—these things are not so dreadful for us as the reckoning which our children will have to pay if the world does not hear us. Let us make ourselves heard—now!—in the strongest speech which we can utter.

COUNTESS: Oh, it is terrible!

TOLSTOY: I tell you I do not believe it would be so

terrible as you think. Our hearts would be warmed by the heat of our love.

COUNTESS: I am not warmed by it. I am cold. Thirteen children I have borne. I have had the care of Aunt Tanya and Aunt Pelageya. I have managed a large household. I have supervised the children's education. Even now I have taken over the publication of the main bulk of your writings in order to save for our children the money that you would have given away. Do you think I can consent to raising our children in poverty? Oh, Lyovotchka, I cannot accept your Christianity. *(She breaks down.)* Oh, I have not had time to think!

TOLSTOY: Sonya, do not fool yourself about the children. This life of luxury is not a good thing for them. I asked for Leo this morning at nine o'clock. The well-bred young man was still asleep; he had been playing cards till midnight the night before. Asleep! And in the midst of the haying season! Ask the peasants what that means. When every year for lack of hands the great areas of grass that are needed for the stock remain unmown! When the peasants are up before sunrise—old men, tottering women, little children, working, working into the night, hardly stopping to take their kvas, bread and onions. Only yesterday I saw a little boy, a grandchild, carrying along a pitcher of water; he was all bent up, taking short steps with his bare feet with difficulty, changing the heavy pitcher from one hand to the other. I saw a woman eighty years old—old enough to have been my mother—raking, raking all day, slowly shuffling her bast shoes from step to step, looking gloomily in front of her like a dying animal. And at the end of the day, when they stop, she sits down, and then lies down, with the same dead glance. And then after a while she gets up groaning, and drags her way home after the others. And Leo sleeps! And plays cards! And Andrei plays tennis!

COUNTESS: We owe the children an education.

TOLSTOY: And what better education could we give them than an honest example?

COUNTESS: Sasha and Vanitchka are hardly more than babies. You would take from them the things that you have given the older children.

TOLSTOY: I have set my heart on having them at least brought up in the right way. *(There is a moment of strained silence.)*

TOLSTOY: Well, let us have an end to this.

COUNTESS: I agree to that. I am ready.

TOLSTOY: I have asked Obolensky to come over this morning in order that we might get preliminary legal advice whichever way we decided.

COUNTESS: Yes, I met him in the zala.

TOLSTOY: What do you say, Sonya, will you join with me in this step?

COUNTESS: Leo Nikolayevich, I have known that this was coming. I have felt that the children themselves should have something to say—a point which seems to have escaped your attention.

TOLSTOY: Do not be bitter, Sonya. You talked with them?

COUNTESS: I have asked them what their wishes were in the matter.

TOLSTOY: What did they say?

COUNTESS: They said that they did not agree with your ideas. They did not want to give the property up.

TOLSTOY: They all said that? Tanya and Seryozha?

COUNTESS: Yes.

TOLSTOY: And Masha?

COUNTESS: Yes—all of them.

TOLSTOY *(after a moment)*: Well, I have stood alone before.

COUNTESS: I am sorry, Lyovotchka.

TOLSTOY: I have stood alone in all Russia, speaking out against the Emperor and the Church. I can stand alone again—even against my family!

COUNTESS: Lyovotchka, I know that it is hard.

TOLSTOY *(walking slowly to the doorway, in a step that has perceptibly aged)*: Serge Petrovich! *(He opens the door and calls.)* Serge Petrovich! *(In the meantime Masha in the corner at first has paid no attention to the conversation, but has continued copying. At the latter part of it, however, she has stopped, listening with horror at what has been said. She now runs out excitedly.)*

MASHA: Stop!

COUNTESS: Masha!

MASHA: Father! Stop!

COUNTESS: You were eaves-dropping?

MASHA: I did not mean to listen. I was busy copying. I—

TOLSTOY: What does this mean?

MASHA: I was in the corner, copying the article. I did not mean to listen. And then—I had to! Oh, forgive me! *(She bursts out crying.)*

TOLSTOY: There! There! My child!

MASHA: Oh, Father, do not misunderstand me. I cannot! I will not!

COUNTESS: Masha! What are you saying?

MASHA: I will not take my share.

COUNTESS: You do not know what you are saying.

MASHA: I do. I did not understand before. I did not realize how true it all is—what Father has been saying.

TOLSTOY: There! There! Don't cry so.

COUNTESS: She is all worked up! She does not know what she is saying.

MASHA: I do know too. It is all true. I have seen these people working as he says. And we have been living in luxury. And we have been brought up in idleness. And it is not a good thing! It would have been better for us all to work together the way poor people do. It is not good for Leo, and Andrei and the others. I have seen it all. Father is right.

COUNTESS: Masha, think what you are saying!

MASHA: Oh, I know what I am saying. And the others can take the old property if they want it. I will not pay that price. Father, you shall not stand alone on this. I will not take any of the property.

SERGE *(entering)*: Did you call, sir?

TOLSTOY: Please find Prince Obolensky. He is somewhere around the grounds. Ask him to come up. *(Serge goes out.)* Masha!

MASHA *(throwing her arms about her father)*: Oh, Father! You have been alone too long.

TOLSTOY: There, there! Listen! Go and comfort your mother. It is hard for her.

(Masha goes over to the Countess, who is sitting weeping at the table, and kisses her.)

COUNTESS: Oh, Masha! It may be that you are right. He is a leader, one who goes ahead of the crowd, pointing the way that men should go. Oh, my darling! I am of the crowd. I live in its current. . . . I am

held by it. He is right, but I cannot do what he demands. Five centuries hence men will tread in the path in which he is a pioneer!

OBOLENSKY *(in the doorway):* Shall I come in?

TOLSTOY: Yes, come in!

COUNTESS: Yes, we must settle the details.

(Curtain.)

[Scene V next issue.]

The Study Table

Henry I. of Haiti

John Vandercook has done an inestimable service in writing this book.* Always interesting, he has made a brilliant, majestic, pathetic picture of Henry First of Haiti, King Christophe.

He draws a picture of Cap Haitien as it is today, dirty, listless, quiet. "Filthy-caked swine, starved curs and naked Negro babies fraternize on the hard-packed earth. But once," he goes on to say, "a great King made Cap Haitien his capital." He was a black man who was born a slave, but under him the city of Cap and the country round about presented a different picture. There was a theatre in the Cap and there were schools. No one was indolent or dirty, for indolence and filth were forbidden by the king. Factories were busy and the bay was filled with ships. The great plain between the hills was a sugar field, the finest in the world; its area measured by hundreds of square miles. Along the roads out of the town, roads bedded evenly with gleaming white stones, were plantations owned by Negroes who bore with dignity the titles of duke, baron and count. The northern half of Haiti was a kingdom that during its brief span of life ranked in the opinion of Europe with the most forceful of the New World powers. There were two men of transcendent greatness then—Napoleon of France and the King of Haiti, Henry Christophe, the only man alive who had defeated him in war.

How the slave came to be king is half the story, but the more thrilling half is how the king ruled his kingdom. A merciless rule for the lazy and disobedient, but not so cruel as the few chroniclers who have written of him before made us believe. Vandercook does not tell us of Christophe's killing merely for the sake of showing his power. While he was a despot, he was an impartial one, holding his dukes and counts in his clutch as surely as the poorest peasant. His ambition was prodigious but it was for his race and for the beautiful island upon which he lived.

We read of how he built a cathedral in two months, commanding every mason and carpenter and plasterer to work upon the building; of his palace, of San Souci, that was reared in a year; and lastly of his citadel, one of the wonders of the New World, that was his undoing. But of most interest is the story of the man himself. A dramatic moment in the book is when Christophe receives Sir Home Popham, the first official white visitor to come to San Souci. Sir Home advises the king against the severity of his work laws, and tells him he is going too fast. Christophe replies: "We have no pride, and we have no pride because we have nothing to remember. . . . If we could lay our hands on things we've made, monuments and towers and palaces, we might find our strength. While I live I shall try to build that pride we need, and build it in terms white men as well as black shall understand. I am thinking of the future, M'sieu, not of now. I will teach pride if my teaching breaks every back in my kindgdom."

Christophe, with his gentle wife to whom he was faithful; Christophe with his friend the Scotch physician, Duncan Stewart; Christophe alone at length in his palace, rebellion at his gate, makes a great picture. At the last he whispers: "Toussaint, the Tiger, and I. . . . We dreamt so much and we have done so little."

Read this story of the dream.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

*"Black Majesty," by John Vandercook. Published by Harper Brothers, $2.50.

Correspondence

Cause of India's Downfall

Editor of UNITY:

Dr. Vaswani sees clearly that the treatment of so called "lower orders," the denial of India's vision of the God-in-Man, has been the downfall of India. So long as Hindus hold millions of their brothers and sisters as untouchable the lashings of a Mayo will not be out of place. India can never regain her place among nations holding such a doctrine at its heart.

We have many fine Hindus in Los Angeles and they have held meetings to protest against Miss Mayo's book but not one has made any defense of the caste system and its time old cruelties.

The point seems to be overlooked by critics of "Mother India" that the things most shocking to travelers have religious sanction.

Some people in America would make Jews, Catholics and colored people untouchable. If successful this would make us worse than India.

GUSTAVE P. WIKSELL.

"Leaving Out Hamlet"

Editor of UNITY:

Let me say a word in response to Dr. Doremus Scudder, who feels that in my editorial, "Leaving Out Hamlet," I was led into an over-statement, when I intimated that practically everyone in America is leaving out Russia as a factor in the making of peace in the world. I regret I cannot withdraw the intimation. I have been watching the papers some, and the Russian proposals are either entirely forgotten or generally treated with contempt.

I am, however, glad to be corrected about the invitation of Russia to the Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu. I was correct to the extent that Russia was left out of the 1925 invitations. Dr. Scudder says that both Russia and Britain were invited in 1927. Britain was there in full evidence, while Russia did not respond. (Could it be that Russia had reason to believe that delegates would not be admitted to American soil?)

It seems that Mr. Davis, the Executive Secretary of the Institute, has made a special trip to Russia to secure representation in 1929. That is good. May I say that I have noted in the press that the Institute is to be held in Kyoto. I am wondering why. Is it that our government would not give assurance of entry to Russians or is Kyoto a better place anyway? Congratulations to the Japanese, in that while they have many more reasons to fear the politics of the Soviets, they are not so timid as to look for danger after the manner of a timid maiden looking under the bed every night before retiring.

SYDNEY STRONG.

New York City.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

EDITOR REESE TO ATTEND THE BRAHMO SAMAJ CELEBRATION IN INDIA

Rev. Curtis W. Reese has now definitely decided to sail for the Brahmo Samaj celebration from San Francisco November 9 on the steamship President Cleveland on the Dollar Line. There will be one day stop-over in Honolulu, ten or twelve days stop-over in Japan, stop-overs of from one to three days in Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore, arriving in Colombo on the second day of January. The time from January 2 to 27 will be spent in India and will include Madras, Bombay, Benares, and Calcutta. Dr. Reese expects to leave Colombo on January 30 on the steamship President Van Buren and return by way of Suez with brief stop-overs in Egypt and various points in Italy including Naples, Genoa and Marseilles, arriving in New York March 5. Persons who desire to do so can have a two weeks' stop-over at Suez during which they can visit Palestine and still arrive in New York on March 19. The minimum first class passage including outside state rooms, which the steamship company insists are better equipped than modern hotel rooms, is $1,000 from San Francisco to New York. Persons starting from Chicago can purchase passage from Chicago, by way of San Francisco to New York and return to Chicago for $1,110. This, however, does not include Pullman and dining car expenses in the States. The expense during the various stop-overs and the one month in India can of course be made whatever one's desires and purse requires. Mr. Reese estimates that $500 or $600 probably would be enough. In case the trip to Palestine is included that would be about $400 extra.

It is suggested that those who are planning to make this round the world trip including the Brahmo Samaj celebration get in touch with the Dollar Steamship Line and secure their booking on the date and boat named above. Also if they will state that they are going as members of the Brahmo Samaj celebration party they will be given state rooms in the vicinity of the other Unitarian members of the party.

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR AND THE COVENANT OF THE LEAGUE

General Smuts' Statement

[This statement by General Smuts has been given inadequate attention in this country. It has been printed in only a few great newspapers, and has been commented upon scarcely at all. It is important as coming from a man who is one of the makers and warmest advocates of the League of Nations, and thus as showing that there is no conflict between Outlawry and the League. It is also most important in what it says about Russia. —Editors.]

I have just read, in this week's mail, the draft Kellogg Treaty, communicated to the principal European Powers, and also the French Draft Treaty, which is in the nature of an alternative scheme. I may say at once that I welcome the American draft declaration wholeheartedly and trust that it will receive the undivided support of the British Commonwealth.

It does not appear to conflict with our obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations, but, on the contrary, to reinforce the Covenant at a point where it deliberately avoided explicitness. The Covenant was the half-way house to the full peace system of the future. It did not forbid war between member States, but only rendered it difficult and dangerous by subjecting its commencement to delay. It did this, first, by rendering compulsory reference of a dispute to arbitration or conciliation; secondly, by providing that an unsuccessful party who flouted the unanimous verdict of the arbitrators or conciliators should be subject to an economic boycott by the other member States. The member State which flouted these obligations, or was determined to go to war in any case, was tacitly left free to do so. Apart from the vague undertakings of Article 10 and the provision for the future limitation of armaments, this is the real substance of the peace scheme, as embodied in the Covenant. War was not absolutely forbidden as a last desperate move of aggression or resort of defence. This lacuna the Kellogg declaration seeks to fill by an absolute outlawry of war.

For the States members of the League, the first question to decide is whether this proposal conflicts with the obligations under the Covenant. It could only do so if the Covenant imposed on the States members the obligation to go to war in certain eventualities. Now it is quite clear that the Covenant nowhere does this, not even in Article 10. The obligations summarized above are all that the League imposes on its members. The duty to join in an economic boycott of an aggressor is the utmost length to which the Covenant goes in imposing obligations on its members. This is not an act of war, and need not lead to war.

An entirely false impression has been created by the French Press in criticising Mr. Kellogg's proposal, and to some extent by the reservations made by the French Government. Grave injury may be done to the League by this. The League is not a league of war, whose very constitution conflicts with the peace ideal. No member of the League, as such, has either explicitly or implicitly undertaken the duty of going to war, and the members of the League are therefore free to subscribe to Mr. Kellogg's formula for what it is worth.

Not only is the American idea of an outlawry of war consistent with the Covenant, only going farther in the same direction, but there is also no inconsistency between the American declaration and the obligations of members under the Covenant. The two go well together and, in my humble opinion, can only be worked together as one practical scheme. The American declaration is not an alternative to the Covenant, but will only function successfully in conjunction with the Covenant as its basis and support.

Apart from the Covenant and the sanction of Article 16, the American declaration of outlawry may well remain an empty formula which may be contravened with impunity. Public opinion will be the only security against the violation of peace, which opinion has still to be laboriously built up. War is not yet looked upon as a crime, carrying a moral stigma and disgrace on the warring nations. The building up of a peaceful world mentality remains the most arduous task of the future. Meanwhile the outlawry ideal may remain in the air in spite of all declarations to the contrary. Mr. Kellogg's declaration ought therefore to be followed up by an additional undertaking more or less on the lines of Article 16 of the Covenant, or (better still) ought to be looked upon as a supplement to the League, which is based on the economic sanction of that Article. With the support of the United States behind this economic sanction, the prospect of the future peace, on a double basis of the Covenant and the declaration, becomes far brighter and more stable. I cannot think that the United States, when once party to the declaration, will deliberately refuse its co-operation, where, in a flagrant case, the League has to resort to the application of Article 16.

It seems to me that the immense importance of the American proposal becomes clearest in this connection. Without the United States joining in the peaceful pressure against a violator of peace the application of Article 16 becomes difficult, if not futile. Yet Article 16 is the crux of the matter. As the greatest economic Power of the future, America's influence is absolutely necessary to the working of the peace machine under Article 16.

The League would not have been possible without the initiative and original backing of the United States, and after the period of doubt and hesitation, a new inspired initiative has once more put her at the head of the peace movement of the world. Even without her membership of the League, the declaration of the United States will go far to insure her co-operation in the great task of encom-

TOLSTOY

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passing world peace. In this sense the declaration may well become the fulfilment of the great promise of the Covenant. And, where the League in recent years has—owing to the absence of America—been led to wander into strange paths, it is not unreasonable to hope that the complementary declaration, with the enthusiastic backing of America, will mean a return to the original direction and the rescue of the League from becoming the special concern and almost the private property of any particular group of Powers.

It is here that the principal difficulties in connection with the declaration emerge. Under the League's aegis, but not in harmony with the spirit of the Covenant, special defensive groups have arisen in Europe. Defensive pacts involving war obligations have been entered into between France and several minor States. Finally, under the Locarno system, the Franco-German boundary has become the subject of an insurance system to which all the Great Powers of Europe, except Russia, are parties. This insurance system may, in the last resort, mean war and war obligations on its members. And it is against these pacts and this system that the outlawry of war, under the declaration, bumps up violently. These are the real, indeed the only, difficulties in the way of the declaration, and they have to be faced quite frankly and resolutely. The French reservations, which in effect reduce the declaration to nullity, are made in view of these existing obligations, which—however awkward—cannot be simply ignored.

To my mind, the way out of this mess is to make all the signatories, not only of Locarno, but also of other defensive pacts, parties to the declaration. The Locarno and other pacts must naturally stand, but they would all be covered with the umbrella of the declaration. The effect will then be that, if the declaration be violated by an arbitrary aggressor, the defenders can still fall back on the Locarno and other pacts as a second line of defence. But it is quite possible that the umbrella may prove effective against the storm, and safeguard the peace of Central Europe even more effectively than the patched-up arrangements of the last ten years. In that way Locarno will also prove but a step towards ultimate peace.

One more point. It seems to me that it is essential that Russia should also become signatory to the declaration. It would be vain to organize for world-peace and leave out Russia. She is the greatest potential factor in the peace of Europe and Asia, probably for a century to come. In view of Russia's recent offer of total or partial disarmament at Geneva, she will probably be only too anxious to be associated with the declaration, even if, like the United States, she will not become a member of the League. Association through the declaration may, in the end, mean the same thing for peace as membership of the League, and thus the declaration will, and ought to, bring into the peace movement both the powers which, though not in the League, will yet have the greatest influence for good or ill on the future peace of the world.

With all Central and Eastern Europe and Russia in the League or the declaration—or both—the disarmament movement, which has been beating the air recently, will once more become a reality, and, indeed, enter upon an entirely new and most promising phase. Disarmament is necessary, but it will be futile to continue the present attempts until an atmosphere of security has been built up. The American declaration gives the necessary opening. It is the great initiative which ought to be followed up resolutely and wholeheartedly. At this distance, I may be misjudging the situation, but to me it seems as if we have now an opportunity far more favourable than the Paris Peace Conference was to clinch the matter of world peace, and to remove the overpowering fear of war, which is still oppressing the minds of the nations and their leaders. If diplomatic correspondence will not avail in bringing about unanimity let the United States follow up her magnificent lead by calling a conference of the Powers concerned, but do not let this golden opportunity pass without the fullest exploitation, in the interests of world peace.

London *Times*.

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